

Wartime
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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SONG OF PRAISE

WE would print it in letters of gold if we could, but black and white will do:

Following Monday's raid, which had affected some children's homes, our children chose for themselves the following hymn at the morning assembly, from Songs of Praise:

Glad that I live am I, that the sky is blue.

It is just a postcard from a provincial headmaster, but it tells there is hope in the hearts of our children, and a reaching out to heaven in a world so foully stricken by the Barbarians.

Today it is the song of praise after the night of sorrow. Is it not noble enough to move us all to dedicate ourselves to give a tranquil life of opportunity to children the whole world over?

KEEP THE HOME LAMPS BURNING

NEVER was a battlefield like ours, and we can well understand the feeling of the greatest newspaper in America which wrote of it with a sense of shame that it was looking on.

By one of the immense revolutions the world has seen in our time we are all in the Front Line now, forty millions of us, fathers and sons, brothers and sisters, mothers and their little ones. It is the European Civil War, and we fight for the right to live in a decent world and not in a slaughter-house, for the right to a life without the threat of a machine-gun or the shadow of the tank for ever overwhelming us.

The Battlefield of Freedom

IT is well to remember every day and every hour what it is we suffer for. There have been wars of ambition and greed, wars for territory or revenge, wars for political aims, to bolster up one power and keep down another; but never before was a war to secure for men and women and children the right to live in an air that has not been poisoned before we breathe it. This is the war of every man, of all mankind; should it be lost, the extinction of life would be a blessing compared with the horror of universal slavery. Therefore it is that we must all be ready to play our part on the Battlefield of Freedom.

It has always seemed an odd and incredible thing that at such a great battle as Waterloo a soldier would take his wife and family, leaving them to stand watching as men now stand and watch a football match. Wellington would pick up his telescope and see Napoleon across the field. Today the field of battle is on a vaster scale, but we are on it, and thousands of people have stood in their gardens watching the fight in which so many owe so much to so few. As this is written a silver aeroplane falls burning from the sky, with planes encircling it, into the little valley of peace beyond the hills. We must hide in our hole in the ground, for the fourth time this day and after half a night in there. We breakfast, lunch, and supper there like rabbits. The Siren has become the master of our lives. It wakes us from our sleep, disturbs our meals, stops our work, makes play impossible. It may fill us with anxiety and strain. It cannot be denied that it is the greatest nuisance everywhere.

The Virtue of a Quiet Mind

WE must turn the house upside-down, perhaps bring the beds downstairs, take food and sleep in snatches, be always within easy reach and instantly available by day or night. We must remember this and that and a hundred things we had no need to think about before. We must be prepared for five minutes or five hours in our underground shelters. The woman in the house must think of the gas, the lights, the doors and windows, the next meal, the things that are spoiling in the oven, the fact that nobody will be up in the morning when the postman comes. The man wonders if he will ever get a chance to finish what he is doing, or to recover from the blow that may befall his house. Shall we be caught in the bath by Hitler's raiders? What of the boy who has gone to the shop, the girl on her way from school? Will they be home before the siren goes? How long can we manage with all this upsetting of our lives? Is it possible that all our poor suffering people can hold out?

So the turmoil of the war disturbs the even tenor of our way. Nothing is as it was. There are no quiet times—except for those who have the

power to shut their minds to all these things and be alone with the fountain of their strength, the source of their inspiration. It is wonderful that a quiet mind should make such difference in this whirling world. It will sustain us and save us from defeat, for it is the victory or defeat of our common lives that is the vital factor now. A poor soul is Hitler, but he has learned the secret of the nation that defies him: he knows that no Quislings, no Lavals, can help him now. Well he knows that he has massed against him forty million people of a nation sound at heart, proof against his treacheries, lies, and ravings, stirred only to the depths of passionate anger by his foul cruelties.

So it is that he makes war on his last enemy—on you and me, on our mothers and our children. He would break the spirit of the British people which stands between him and his dream of putting the human race in chains. He has made the mistake of thinking that his treacheries will work here as in other lands. They will not.

Smiling Through Our Troubles

THE final seat of power in our Island is in the hearts of its people, and they are not to be deflected from the straight path of sanity. We shall suffer some inconvenience and count it nothing. We shall lose much of our comfortable lives and shall give up our luxuries. We shall think no more of Hitler the nuisance than we do of Hitler the blackguard and the cheat. We shall get used to sleeping by day and waking by night, or to replanning our lives to meet new circumstances. We shall think no more of it than we think of the extra

penny on the stamp. We are an adaptable people and can turn and go the other way as well as anybody. We can keep smiling in adversity. There is nothing unusual in the spirit of the man who put the flag on the top of the heap of ruins which last week was his home. We all understand the seaside landlady who looks out on the promenade as silent as a wilderness, whose income has gone perhaps for years, but who advertises hopefully in the local paper, *Good rooms on the front, facing the enemy*. We know the little Cockney mother whose home has been wrecked twice but who can stand it again.

A Lighthouse of the World

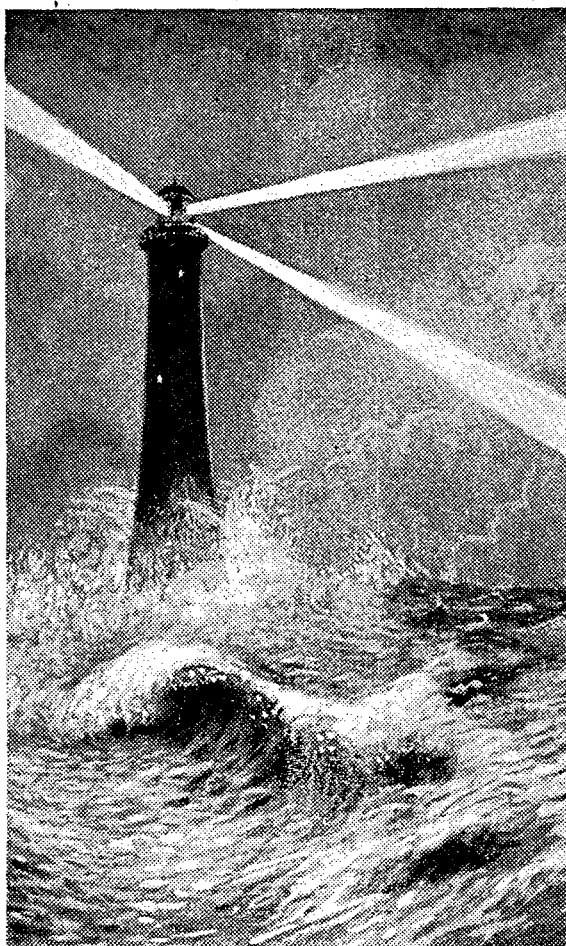
LIFE may be harder every hour, but that is Hitler's war on us, *on you and me*. He fights us all. The Government has disappointed him. It has not collapsed. It has not been driven from power by an angry nation. And so the lord of the wilderness turns against the people he would enslave, making war upon their nerves. He would have us say that this thing cannot go on, that we cannot live like this week after week, year after year. He would have us irritable, weary, anxious, and afraid. He knows that if he could destroy our cheerfulness and break down the patience that is like a rock our Government would fall and the Nazis would have won the world. But his hope is vain. The power that has brought so many lands low has had no victory over us, and this country stands as Captain Crookshank so aptly described it the other day, as the Lighthouse of the World.

It is a great truth. In this dark world of storm, disaster, and defeat, with shadows gathering about us and woeful portents of new storms coming on, this Island stands as a shining light to every fallen nation, every victim of oppression, every slave robbed of his purse and of his freedom by the Nazis. The beam of light from the lamp of British Freedom reaches into the farthest corners of the earth, giving new hope to the downtrodden, new faith to the brokenhearted, new fear to the oppressor. We keep this lamp burning by our patience and good courage. We give ourselves the strength of ten when we refuse to be provoked into defeatism, or to break the ranks of those whose calm and steadfast purpose no Dictator can subdue.

Playing Our Part Against Evil

WE are soldiers in the bravest army in the world, and we let it down if we default by losing confidence or weakening our trust in our cause. Waking up at our best after an uneasy night, marching grimly through the struggling day, working with a will, sustaining those about us, ungrudgingly accepting small discomforts, gladly rendering others helpful services, we are active soldiers in the army of freedom, throwing our strength into the vast effort of forty millions to resist destruction. But we do more than resist evil things; we play our part in building up a better world, sharing the good things of life with all, whoever and wherever they may be. We are buying a treasure beyond price with the little daily miseries, the loss of our luxuries, the running into the dug-out seven times in a day. What is it we are buying when we pay this price, when we pay the little more on sugar, tea, and stamps, when we sacrifice our holiday, our car, and a thousand things that have always made our lives worth while? We are buying the happy days back again. We are buying security and the right to look forward. We are buying opportunity for

Continued on page 2



Our Island is a lighthouse on the shores of a dark and stormy world.

THE FRENCH EMPIRE IS COMING IN

By the refusal of French Equatorial Africa to recognise the Government of Marshal Pétain an area of 950,256 square miles, with three and a half million people, comes under the leadership of General de Gaulle, and will thus contribute to the victory of the Allied Cause.

The decision of the four colonies comprising this vast territory came at a moment when the need was at its highest, for Chad, Middle Congo, Ubangi-Shari, and Gabon form a wide belt from the Atlantic to the Sudan, being bordered on the south by Belgian Congo, and on the north by Nigeria, the sparsely inhabited Sahara, and Libya.

With Gabon, the mandated territory of the Cameroons has also come in, so that, except for the tiny bit of Spanish Guinea, some 400 miles of the Atlantic coastline have become available for the Allies. In Gabon are Libreville, Pointe-noire, and Port Gentil, at which over two million tons of shipping arrive in a year, and at Douala and other ports in the Cameroons the shipping is almost as great. The mighty Congo flows along the

southern border of the belt and will henceforward be entirely secure, the air-lines plying freely from the coast to carry supplies and other help to the Sudan and Egyptian Darfur.

These French Colonies have vast resources in wild life, forests, and minerals, all practically undeveloped, so that in addition to the important strategic value of this belt there will be available resources on the spot.

Equally important in this critical time is the immense moral stimulus which has been given to the cause of Free France, as the example set by these colonies may well be followed by Madagascar and other French possessions. The African natives, too, will be considerably encouraged, because they regard Chad as the centre of their world, a kind of holy place to which they have made pilgrimage for centuries.

These natives are a brave and fearless people, and the country has been a valuable recruiting ground for the French Colonial Army. They will now be able to fight for freedom with their neighbours who live in Belgian, British, and Egyptian lands.

More of London's Roman Wall

FOR over half a century an unused station on the Underground has been standing by the Tower of London, and bearing its name, a witness to the fact that traffic-planners were as liable then as now to misjudge the needs of the traveller. How many a station has been closed because people will not use it!

Two classic examples of this have come into the news. One is Southwold Junction, which the Germans have claimed to have bombed out of all usefulness, the L.N.E.R. having discovered this for themselves long ago; the other is the Tower of London Station, a wooden building of 1882, closed for traffic two years later, and recently taken down. It is surprising how long it takes our railways to remove their useless things; the hideous old bridge at Rochester, useless for a generation, still disgraces the Medway.

By the demolition of the Tower Station the Transport Board have revealed more of the distinctive features of the Roman Wall at the back of Trinity Place, which now belongs to the Tower Hill Improvement Trustees, thanks to the enthusiasm of our friends Tubby Clayton and Lord Wakefield.

KEEP THE HOME LAMPS BURNING

Continued from page 1

our children. We are buying, in these tumultuous and bewildering times, tranquil years for the generations coming and a quieter evening of life in which we ourselves may look back on what we have accomplished and forward to days that will be nobler yet. We are saving our country by a little sacrifice and setting it on the way for another thousand years of fame. We are hastening the day when

Suddenly all men arise to the noise of fetters breaking, And every man smiles at his neighbour and tells him his soul is his own.

It is a great reward for us, a great, great glory that we have inherited. No statesman who ever ruled in our Island, no king or government, dare have set us where we stand, fighting alone for the freedom of mankind

against the most frightful forces of evil ever known. Fate has done what men could never do, and we are ready. Short even yet of material things, we are rich in the secret weapons of the spirit that has made us what we are and will save us once again.

The price we pay for victory is great, but it is nothing compared with the price we should pay for defeat, for by that we lose all.

For a year we have been in the shadow of this unthinkable peril, and the wisest among us has borne a burden of grief too poignant for words, too bitter to confess to their own hearts. It is over now, and it is certain that, if only we ourselves are true, the sun will rise on a tranquil world again, with Dictators flung back to the mire from which they came, and faith and freedom set as on a rock so that they cannot perish from the earth.

Arthur Mee.

Little News Reels

East London playing fields ploughed up at the beginning of the war have yielded excellent harvests of wheat.

The station master at Ruislip has won the annual competition for the best kept garden on the Metropolitan Railway.

London's geese give warning of German planes before the human ear has caught the drone of the engines; generally they give an outburst of angry cackling.

Enough wool has been provided by the llama at Johannesburg zoo to make four pairs of sea-boot socks to be worn by British sailors on the North Sea Patrol.

Mr T. Wisdom has presented a silver candlestick which lit Nelson's cabin at sea to the Australian Navy, the idea prompting the gift being the brilliant action of H.M.A.S. Sydney in sinking an Italian cruiser.

A Durham boy of 14 (W. Hampton) has won first place in the public ballot for the six best war savings posters by school children. His poster, with the slogan "Some would destroy: we must save," shows Hitler with hands stretched out over Durham.

The number of lives saved this year by our lifeboatmen has already broken all records; the number so far is 1,439, which is 32 more than the highest year before this.

Schoolchildren in Doncaster district have collected 60,000 cardboard tops from milk bottles, which will be sold for pulping.

An anonymous donor has presented three Norfolk towns (Attleborough, Dereham, and Watton) with an ambulance.

A recent census shows that there are now about 70 silk handloom weavers carrying on at Macclesfield; this time last century there were 700.

Bexley Heath Council has collected 270 tons of waste for which it has received £1200 in aid of the rates.

Under pressure from Germany and Italy, Rumania has been forced to surrender to Hungary about three-fourths of Transylvania, which she added to her territory after the Great War.

Guide and Scout News Reel

The Silver Cross has been awarded to Troop Leader Donald Louis Jones, first Air Raid Warden to receive the O.B.E., for gallant conduct in an air raid.

Scouts and Guides of the Cayman Islands are busy arranging concerts and sales for a war fund; many of the Scouts are on active duty in danger zones.

Many hundreds of Scouts have been rendering valuable service in forestry work, particularly in Scotland where one timber camp in West Argyllshire has been working full capacity for six weeks.

Gold Coast Scouts in Wiawso took over the duty of guarding their town when the police were withdrawn.

Scoutmaster Hillyer's troop at Eynsford in Kent have collected over four tons of waste paper.

A little Croydon Guide placed herself in the doorway of a public air raid shelter and restored order when a rush was made for the exit on the All Clear being sounded.

Guides of Wallington in Surrey collected 50 tons of waste, which yielded £60; wool bought with the money was converted into 660 comforts for the Forces.

The Grass Withereth, the Flower Fadeth

THE grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it, says Isaiah, and it is true. In the withering of the grass is the quickening spirit of life itself.

Summer is passing, the flowers are fading, and surely they have never been so beautiful? We look at the herbaceous border, or at the flowerbeds in the cottage garden, and see the withering of all that was so glorious but the other day, and perhaps we think of it as just decay, the fading away of a lovely thing. But there is something wonderful in a fading flower if we rightly understand it, and one of our good C.N. friends, Mr H. M. Livens, who loves his garden down at Totland Bay, has been explaining it all in a pamphlet he sends us.

The withered flower has a purpose of enduring value to the welfare of its species. The flower is beautiful to attract its friends, and withers to repel its enemies. Having by colour or scent or nectar attracted the insect that will carry the life-giving pollen to the appropriate place, the gay bloom withers and shrivels and becomes repulsive to those insect enemies which prey on the developing fruit, or protect from the weather the developing seeds.

Mr Livens has made a special study of this withering of flowers, and has shown that the dying flower petal, like the dying leaf, makes its definite contribution to the plant which has borne it. Any reader of the C.N. can observe the processes in field or garden.

The first thing we shall notice is that those once brilliant petals

assume a dull buff or light brown—Nature's khaki, in fact. The shrivelling florets of the yellow goat's beard are closely surrounded by the long green bracts which pinch them into a solid mass. This condition continues until, with the ripening of the seeds, the grip is relaxed, and the lovely grey head of the seed (the pappus) appears. The flower of the hawkweed, too, by screwing itself up tightly, excludes both insect enemies and rain.

Protection against dews and moorland mists is afforded by the persistence of the dead flowers of such heath plants as gorse and ling. While turning a light brown, the bells persist, contracting only a little at the mouth.

The clovers also act in a way essential to the future of the plant, the white being different from the red. The florets of the white clover cease to stand up when the fertilisation has been effected, but hang down so as to throw off the rain and so protect the seeds; the red acts otherwise, for its corolla is much longer so as to suit the tongue of the bee, and its flowers shrivel at the lips while remaining erect because the seeds do not need protection.

Perhaps the most familiar example of this protection of the dying flower is found in the daffodil, in which the dry bract performs an invaluable service.

The examples of Nature's resources are, in fact, as many as the kinds of flowers, and Mr Livens has done a great service by calling attention to a very interesting phase of plant life.

CLEVER

These clever people, we have heard men say a thousand times of Hitler and his Nazis.

But who is really clever—the gangster who torpedoes a ship with 320 children or the Navy which saves every child?

This Kind World

This news item comes to us from Richmond in Virginia, where two huge shady trees are to be cut down. The mayor ordered earlier in the summer that one of the trees must not be destroyed until this month, when the weather is cooler, the reason being that *in its shade an old Negro sits selling newspapers.*

Good Company

In the lull of an air raid some neighbours went to look up an old-age pensioner because she had not joined them in their shelter.

They found her enjoying a good dinner. She said that she had stopped to keep the canary company, as it was nervous.

THINGS SEEN

A cloud like the map of the British Isles over Kent after an air raid.

The Union Jack flying over the ruins of a doctor's house.

A self-sown sunflower 10 feet 6 inches high in an East Anglian garden.

**STAY PUT
and
STICK IT**

Dr John Keats

It took John Keats, the ostler's son, 18 years to realise that he was a poet, and after a century and more we are remembering that we had forgotten that he was a doctor before he was a poet.

It was the young Dr Keats who took notes of anatomical lectures of which there are no other known copies in existence.

The notes he made of the anatomical lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, the greatest surgeon of his age, are in the possession of the Society of Apothecaries, of which young Keats was a member, and descendants of his contemporaries are being asked by that body to see if among their family papers there are preserved any notes of the same lectures with which to compare those made by Keats, which are at present the only authority for the anatomical teaching of the illustrious doctor.

Keats hated the medical profession; he confessed that while he was wielding his surgical instruments his mind was so filled with poetical fancies that he could not concentrate; so he gave himself to poetry, to the everlasting glory of English literature.

Good Friends

The treaty of non-aggression which was signed last June by our country with Siam (now called Thailand) has been ratified, so that the recent happenings in the Far East have not altered the policy of that little country as far as we are concerned.

In June, too, Thailand's neutrality was assured by France and Japan, and the Thais (a word meaning The Free People) are determined to maintain their independence. There are 15,000,000 inhabitants. The chief trade of the country is conducted with the neighbouring Malaya, Japan coming next, and our own country not being far behind.

THE GIGANTIC TELESCOPE

All the framework of the immense new telescope on Mount Palomar is finished, but still awaits the polishing and silvering of the 200-inch mirror. Meanwhile, at the Golden Gate Exposition, a working model of it has been put on view. It is complete in every part, and its 20-inch mirror, though only one-tenth the diameter of the big one, is in use by the astronomers and has done valuable work. The model has cost 25,000 dollars; the Palomar telescope will have cost more than a million, and weighs a million pounds.

THE UNDYING SPIRIT

The threat to our shores today is a repetition of that which our ancestors gloriously resisted in Napoleon's day.

Napoleon boasted, as Hitler boasts, that he would invade us and smash the Empire. He had even cast a medal celebrating the triumph that never came.

On the night of Waterloo his pell-mell flight from the field of battle was shared by Count Flahault, his ADC, who was afterwards French ambassador to England, married an English peeress, and became father-in-law of the fifth Marquis of Lansdowne.

Discussing the disaster that had overtaken the French army and the ruin of the Emperor's fortunes, the Count asked the galloping fugitive, "But is not your Majesty surprised?"

"No," replied Napoleon; "it has been the same ever since Crecy."

That is the spirit that survives and is building up Victory once again.

THE FLAG

One of our correspondents who happened to be in a north of England town a few hours after its fourth serious bombing noticed the garden of a house which had been much damaged. The owner had been lucky enough to escape, but apparently felt that it would take more than Hitler to frighten him, for he had fixed a pole in the ground, hung the Union Jack at the top, and chalked on a piece of wood the words, GOD SAVE THE KING.

LEND US YOUR EARS

The Air Ministry's advice to plug the ears in air raids is excellent. In the Navy the effect of the firing of big guns is met by ear plugging, and civilians should bear this in mind in providing against air raids. The simplest plug is one of the best; it simply consists of cotton-wool smeared with vaseline. The small plugs can be kept clean in a little box with the vaseline tube, and the greasing of the plugs can be done when the alarm goes.

The ear is a very delicate instrument and should be safeguarded against the serious effects of loud explosions.

Ten Blankets

ICELAND seems to have been living up to its name this year. At any rate the Canadian soldiers who are on guard there have been writing home about it.

It is cold over here (writes one private); we wear winter underwear, a sweater, a tunic, a greatcoat, a leather jacket, and a pull-over hat. In bed we have ten blankets and we sleep in our socks.

Cap Horn, the northern tip of the island, just touches the Arctic Circle; but it is not its high latitude alone that accounts for the cold. Indeed, the approach of the Gulf Stream generally makes the island

Looking at the loads of metal scrap that are daily carried away for melting down, we marvel that science should be able to reduce such a mass to fluid and then take from it, one by one, the metals required for a multitude of purposes.

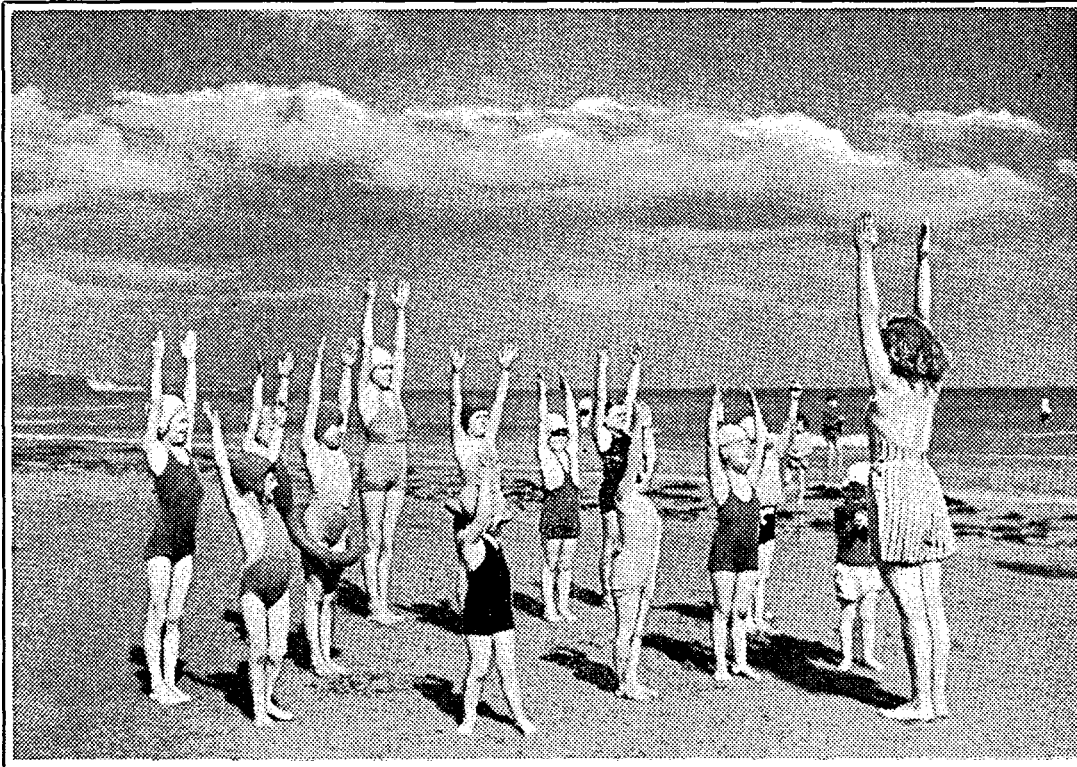
When metals are melted some solidify sooner than others, and in doing so release the alloys they contain. These can in turn be separated, so that copper, tin, or iron are at last all ready for such

as require them for shells, guns, ships, planes, and all the paraphernalia of war.

This shedding of alloys by molten metal is known to the metallurgist as liquation. It is copied from Nature herself. The very formation of the earth was determined by such means. When the matter of which our granite rocks came boiling out of the depths, quartz and felspar first solidified; and in doing so they gave off mica.

By similar processes we release metals from their ores; by the same means Nature, when water is about to freeze, expels all impurities from it, so that sea-ice (originally salt) is at the moment of congealing freed from its saline properties and has given men drink when wrecked in the frigid polar seas.

That is the lesson taught by the van-loads of vile-looking scrap metal now daily being borne through our streets.



Physical training for evacuees on a sunny shore in Devon

THE WARDEN

A woman ARP warden whose duties call her into the streets at all hours of day and night tells us that patrols during raids create in her a sense of dual personality.

By day, as she patrols her area with a whistle to her lips, urging everybody of both sexes to seek shelter, she feels conspicuous, a figure whom it seems impossible for a German bomber or machine-gunner to miss. At night, when a raid may prevent her meeting the warden with whom she should share the beat, she feels insignificant.

To master fear acutely felt is in the highest degree heroic, and the lady warden carries on.

A MONUMENT OF STAINLESS STEEL

It has fallen to a Japanese sculptor, Mr Isamu Noguchi, to design a monument which, like that written of by the Latin poet, is more enduring than brass. Mr Noguchi's masterpiece is a plaque of stainless, rustless alloy 23 feet high, 18 wide, and weighing 10 tons, which shines on the building of the Associated Press of the U.S.A.

relatively warm in autumn and winter. But the months of spring and summer are the surprise in Iceland, for it is affected by the flow of ice from its great neighbour Greenland. In some years the average temperature of March may be high in the 30s, in others below 10.

The cause of this great difference is the Arctic current washing its north coast, which often brings a vast amount of drift ice. This will block up the north and east coast until September and affect the climate of the whole island. In years when this does not happen the climate is more genial.

MOTH-PROOF WOOL

A process has been invented which makes wool immune from the attack of the clothes moth. It is not available for the housewife, and is used by manufacturers to render their fabrics moth-proof. A great boon this process will be, for the cost of the ravages of the clothes moth caterpillars amounts to an enormous sum every year.

STORY

One of our letters from America tells us this story of a New York lady visiting Boston.

Much upset to find that she had lost her purse with over 100 dollars, she suspected she had left it in a taxi, but could not remember which.

The next evening, as Fred Resnick was cleaning out his taxi, he was amazed to find a purse hidden behind the seat. He took it to the police station, where he received a reward of twenty dollars. His face, says our correspondent, was one big beam. "I just bought the taxi," he explained to the officer, "and I didn't even have enough money to buy two gallons of gasoline on my way to headquarters. I just kept an eye on the gas needle and prayed that it would last. This fine reward means more than you think. By tomorrow night I had to get two taxi licences, and I hadn't the slightest idea where I was to get the seven dollars to pay for them."

The moral seems to be that it is a poor lost purse that has nothing in it.

THE SINGER

Demolition workers busy on the wreckage of a house heard a cheerful whistling, and after a time came upon a cage with its wires twisted and the bottom littered with glass. In the cage was a happy budgerigar, still singing and none the worse.

THE SCIENTIST'S MOVING PICTURE

A new departure for X-rays has been introduced by Dr C. M. Slack, of the Westinghouse Company. Using one of the new X-ray tubes charged at 100,000 volts, he photographs a moving bullet as it passes through a block of wood. This form of moving picture is not a mere scientific curiosity; the X-ray moving picture camera will be able to photograph the internal strains of rapidly moving machine parts, as well as those in the bones of the body during vigorous action. If we can afford it, we may have moving X-ray photographs of our bones and muscles as they do their daily and hourly work for us.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Plant out seedling cabbages for the principal autumn sowing two feet apart each way, to remain for hearting. Hoe and thin spinach and turnips. A small sowing of radishes may be made for a late supply.

Where not already done, take cuttings of violas for spring flowering; also pentstemons and antirrhinums, for the sooner these are rooted the better will they withstand the winter.

The Years From 14 to 18

FOURTEEN to eighteen has been called the most dangerous period of life, but we may surely call it also the most hopeful. Then the young are in the transition from childhood to manhood and womanhood. Then they are made or marred.

The Board of Education has set up a Directorate to secure the physical training of young people in this important age-group, of whom there are about 3,000,000. The matter is of profound importance, no less in peace than in war, but the group needs more than physical training; it needs the

18 MILLION YEARS AGO

There were camels in North America 18 million years ago, and an expedition under Dr Paul M. Grew sent by the American Museum of Natural History to the dry grass lands of South Dakota has found traces of them. They became extinct in those regions, possibly for the same reasons that caused the disappearance of the original American horse.

Horses reappeared in North America only when the Spanish armies brought them, and are unlike their vanished ancestors. Camels still struggled on in South America, where relatives of the ancient breed still exist.

THE MASTER COLLECTOR

Listening the other day to a wireless talk on the store of food laid up in the autumn by the dormouse, two of our readers compared notes and voted for the rat as the master collector.

One told of a bungalow bathroom under whose floor rats had burrowed and deposited the remains of fish, two dead chickens, cheese, bulbs, and a quantity of bones not stripped of meat.

The second recited the feats of rats in her garden tool-shed, which, when they came to be ousted by a ferret, were found to have stored some saveloys, two or three German sausages, chunks of bread, cheese, and cake, and a score of other things from the grocer's storehouse nearby.

Very creditable attempts to set up a record, no doubt, but a few years ago a man found 58 eggs collected by his rats.

ILLEGAL PRICES

No one should pay more than the maximum prices officially fixed for controlled articles. It is not only improper but illegal.

A warning on the subject was given when a retailer was prosecuted for selling eggs at above the official price. It was mentioned that although only the seller was prosecuted the buyer was also an offender under the law. One trouble is that there are so many new regulations that it is difficult to be acquainted with them all, but each of us must do his best.

NOISELESS PAPER

Somebody has invented a noiseless wrapping paper for sweets. It seems that either at church or in the cinema this American genius has been troubled (as most of us have) by people fumbling for a sweet, and doing it so surreptitiously and with such caution that the continuous crinkling of the paper has got on our nerves.

It looks as if this affliction may now disappear, for if only manufacturers of sweets and toffee will put their confections in this patent wrapping, and in bags made of ethyl cellulose and wax, there will be no more crinkling paper to annoy us.

continuation of education in its widest sense, of which physical fitness is only one factor, but it is good that that side of the issue is at last to have thorough attention.

The Directorate is to work in association with the Youth Branch of the Board of Education and in cooperation with the War Office and local authorities. Liberal funds for buildings, staff, and equipment must be supplied; the matter of personnel is all-important. There is to be no compulsion; it is hoped that boys and girls will welcome the opportunity to be trained.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Some Things Remain

DICTATORS come and go. Wars are lost and won. Empires rise and fall. But some things remain.

One thing that is eternal and comes first to the mind is the Will of God which passeth all understanding, but which has implanted in the heart of man the love of beauty and the search for truth.

Tyrants have laid the world in ruins in ages past, but the desolated earth has grown green again and nothing remains of the destroyers except their names.

Asia and the East are strewn with the ruins of past greatness. The hidden temples of Ceylon, the mighty ruins of Angkor in the jungle of Cochin China, cities buried in the sands of Mongolia, tell of kingdoms and races all lost except for fragmentary traces of their dominion. Yet the ruins tell even in their desolation of the love their builders had of beauty. We might say also that the urgent desire of explorers and excavators today to unfold the story of the past is witness to the search for truth and beauty.

It is world-wide, extending from China to Peru, from the ruins of Nineveh to the temples of the vanished Mayas. Temples and monuments of worth and beauty these people raised, and the builders are as if they had never been; but the shadow of the beauty remains, and if it were to disappear altogether the memory of it would be an inspiration. The love of beauty cannot die. It endures like the faith which built the thousand and one churches of Asia Minor, though the churches are one with Nineveh and Tyre.

Beauty may itself disappear, or seem to do so, when it is

the work of man's hands. The centuries have left us what might be thought to be inexhaustible treasures of art, a delight to the eye and refreshment to the mind.

They must decay some day, even as the Elgin Marbles have decayed; and even as the Parthenon itself is but a fragment of the shrine the Athenians knew. Yet even if nothing of them were left, if all crumbled into dust, the memory of their loveliness would linger into future ages. Beauty cannot be quenched. It would rise again in the glory of a new dawn, as the marbles of Phidias and Praxiteles followed the work of the unknown sculptor who carved the lion hunts on the palace walls of the Assyrian king 2000 years before. Beauty will ever be with us while the desire for beauty lives. It lives in art and poetry and music.

There is another beauty which nothing can take from us, the beauty of the sun and the moon and stars, the beauty of God's earth, the sea and the sky, and the wind in the trees, all sweet things. There is the beauty of men's thoughts, the lingering melody of the poets, the matchless vision of Shakespeare. These are things that last. Nothing can rend them from us. They are the blossoming wreaths which deck the wisdom of the ages.

One other thing that does not fail is the hope springing eternal in the human breast, and its finest flower is in the search for truth. We must ever pursue it, and in our day it finds expression in what we call science, which is no other than the desire for truth.

If beauty fades, truth remains, the eternal goal to which the soul of man aspires.

Children & London

It is very unfortunate that so many evacuated children have returned to London, and it cannot be too often repeated that, generally, rural areas are much safer than the crowded towns.

London cannot be regarded as in less danger than other towns, and all wise parents will wish the children to be in the country.

John Martin's Guests

We like this notice seen by a C.N. reader in a window in Adelaide.

JOHNN MARTIN'S have the honour and pleasure of inviting (FREE OF CHARGE) all Officers and Men of the 2nd A.I.F. now home on pre-embarkation leave to be their guests at Morning Tea, Lunch, and Afternoon Tea during their stay in Adelaide.

Under the Editor's Table

BEFORE paper, wood was used for letters. A correspondent's bite might be worse than his bark.

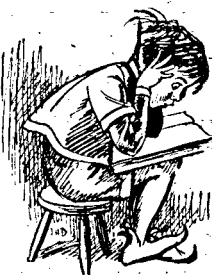
CHILDREN evacuated to Devon have the sea-shore for a schoolroom. And the tide comes in.

BEE stings are said to cure rheumatism. And most people would take pains to cure that.

LAND girls hope to get a record crop of plums for canning. And they can.

THE Home Guard wants blankets. But won't go under.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If librarians are good book-keepers

THERE is plenty of old junk to be collected from the railways. Who will give the signal?

THE Royal Fusiliers are trying to get new drums. They won't be beaten.

MOST people feel like keeping chickens. In the long run.

A WRITER wants the Government to develop slow aeroplanes quickly.

IT is surprising how many people go in for swimming. And the same number come out.

OLD RHYME

WE gave the other day an Old Rhyme which has brought from two readers two new versions, both of which we give herewith. One is sent to us by a schoolmaster at Walsall who remembers the rhyme on his mother's bedroom mantelpiece in this form, the words being painted in gilt letters on a fancy cup:

*The loss of gold is great,
The loss of time is more;
But losing Christ is such a loss
As no man can restore.*

The other is from a C.N. friend of 81 at Brighton, whose great-grandmother, Mary Dann, of Nutfield in Surrey, worked the lines on a sampler on September 29, 1755, in this form:

*The loss of health is much,
The loss of life is more;
The loss of Jesus Christ is such
That no man can restore.*

It will soon be 200 years since Mary Dann made her sampler, and her great-granddaughter is now reading the C.N., and this week helps to make it. So the chain of life goes on.

A C.N. Boy

ACCUSED by those who make war—even the mildest of us may say that. We are driven to say it by a picture that has come to us a little late.

A British soldier from Dunkirk has told us that as he was escaping with the rest he caught sight of somebody he knew lying on a stretcher on Dunkirk Beach. Nothing has since been seen or heard of the stretcher or of the man who lay on it helpless after a great fight—a handsome young man we know him to have been, and a noble spirit, for he was one of our old C.N. boys.

RACING AS USUAL

WE rejoiced too soon, it seems, in the long-delayed wartime suspension of racing. The Government, alas, has sanctioned its resumption. It was as recently as June 18 that the suspension was decreed, and nothing has occurred since to make advisable the expenditure of time, money, transport, and material on race meetings. At a time when the Government is taxing the purchase of a suit of clothes, why should it encourage waste in so flagrant a form? And at a time when we have none too much food for our poultry, why should we encourage a sport which consumes so much of it? *Twelve race-horses in training consume the hard corn of 2000 hens.*

More serious still, in our opinion, is the continuance of the ridiculous gambling amusement of greyhound racing.

Old News

FOUR-YEAR-OLD went to church for the first time the other Sunday, in Scotland, and the minister asked the little lady how she liked it. She had found it like the curate's egg, good in parts—she liked the music but not the news!

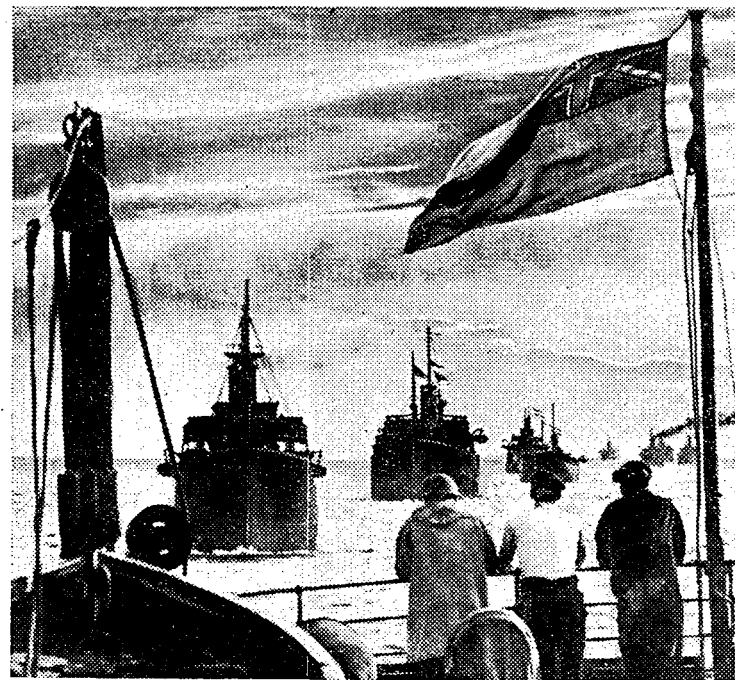
JUST AN IDEA

Democracy, said Harry Emerson Fosdick, is based upon the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people.

THE LITTLE SHIPS C

WHILE we sleep the little ships, bravely steering up the English Channel, are bringing home the bacon.

Steering is the word. No plain sailing for them. As they try to follow-my-leader in the convoy the Nazi planes may appear any moment in the skies to swoop on them, to bomb and sink them, and failing that to machine-gun the man at the wheel. Then the little ship must take care of itself. It must twist and turn, go slow or speed up, as the bombs drop near it, raising boiling fountains of water sky, or scanning the seas, and his hand on the engine-room dial. That is how the little ship comes up Channel under the bluest of summer skies or the blackest of stormy weather. It is all one to her, rough or smooth, night or day. Her job is to see that the home fires are kept burning and that the food rations she has brought so far are not scuppered on the last lap. While the homeland sleeps she is awake. There is not much sleep for her till the job is done, and none at all on the last stretch off the land.



The convoy follows the flag

as high as a lighthouse, and it must never give up hope that they may miss. If the Nazi plane dives low on it the little ship's crew will crouch behind the hatches on deck to escape, if God wills, the raider's bullets; but the helmsman will stand by his wheel, and the skipper on the bridge, with his eye cocked to the

There is peril from the bomber, and death lurking below the crests of the waves. In the dusk before dawn the enemy submarine seeks its chance to destroy her; and a torpedo may thread its way on the surface of the darkened sea, threatening to blow a hole in the side and send her to the bottom. Then all

The 1000-Year-Old Battle Song

FOR a thousand years our ancestors have defended this Island against the invader; since the days of Alfred they have withstood all attempts at its destruction.

Two great battle songs we have which stand out from those very early days; even from the legendary Lays of Beowulf in the seventh century to the young poets of the Great War our literature is rich in ringing songs of heroism. Tennyson achieved no little of his fame by his interpretation of the spirit which has made us what we are, and the C.N. has already given his recasting of his battle-song of the Battle of Brunanburh, which made Athelstan First King of All England.

Later in the tenth century was fought the Battle of Maldon, and this, too, has its heroic song to immortalise it, a poem famous in our story because for the first time in English battle poetry its hero dies with a Christian cry on his lips.

The poem tells of the gallant fight made by the English chieftain Brihtnoth against an invader from over the sea, and in these days it is good to recall this vigorous poem. Professor Freeman translated the 600 short lines that have come down to us, and we know of no better version than his. In the original Saxon the poem reads as if it were written by an actual witness of the fight.

The battle took place in the estuary of the Essex River Panta, on the banks of which the too chivalrous earl allowed the Viking pirates to land. But the invaders proved too many, and the heroic Brihtnoth was slain, his thanes dying round him, fighting to the last man.

We give a few of the stirring lines from Professor Freeman's translation of the poem, beginning with the first clash in the fray:

Waded then the slaughter-wolves,
For water they cared not,
The Viking host.
There against the fierce ones
Ready was standing
Brihtnoth with his warriors.

A LITTLE SLEEP

THE air raids have brought a change of habit among us. Said a tradesman whose motor-van covers a great round, "At nearly every house where I've called today, somebody has been enjoying a nap to make up for last night's raid; but every day I find them all as bright as new sixpences."

Those who can do so manage to get a little rest by day. Half the world, including the warmer parts of Southern Europe, takes its daily siesta—a rest and sleep when the sun is at its highest—and very well

OF THE SEVEN SEAS

the vigilance of the skipper's watching eye and all his skill in manoeuvring his little ship out of the path of that death-dealing messenger come into play. If some of us who take from him his coal or his bread and butter and bacon were on board our hearts might stand still at such moments. But not his. He has been there before. His eye never quails, his hand never fails. It is his job.

Thank You, Sailor Men

That is all there is to it, as he sees it. We like the remark he made to an observer who was with him on the little ship, a collier of the convoy, and who came with him safe to London Town. As the little ship docked the skipper said, with a twinkle in his eye: "Well, I'm sure the housewives would thank us for this bit of coal if only they knew the trouble we've had to bring it here."

We have seen one or other of these colliers, the *Home Fires* or the *Fire Glow*, coming black and silent up London's river, to feed the power stations or the gasworks, with a man still standing by the wicked-looking gun in the stern. With such a gun the collier *Prestatyn Rose* held off three bombers for many hours in the Irish Sea, drove them off, and came safely to port though the bullets of the raiders had torn through her iron bulwarks. Such is but one of the perils of the little ships on their daily, nightly task. They never flinch from it.

Only lower down river do we glimpse the fleets of the little ships as they throb along past Greenwich and Galleons Reach and Blackwall, and we guess at what they are bringing and what has been their journey. But if we could go into St Katharine Dock by the Tower, which in these days of war we may not, we should get an

inkling. Scarred and rusted by the seas, they lie by the wharves, to unload their cargoes in the warehouses. Where do they not come from?

Valparaiso and the Arctic, as well as the coastwise ports of Britain, have filled up their holds. They have gathered their load in the glare of the Tropics or in the gleam of the Northern Lights. They have come in convoy from afar, heeding the Dictators' navies as little as the Dictators' threats. They bring cinnamon and nutmegs, coconuts and coffee, sugar and rubber.

*Coastwise—cross seas, round the world and back again,
Whether flow shall fail us or the Trades drive down:
Plain sail, storm sail, lay your board and tack again,
And all to bring a cargo up to London Town.*

These little cargo boats that sail the wet seas round are our serving men. They are more than that. Without them we should starve.

The Unreturning Brave

For us they dare the perils of the deep, the engulfing wave, the icy gale, and the men who man them come home smiling. There be some of them who will never return, the unreturning brave of Britannia's realm. Rough fellows some of them, but strong men all. Their reward is in their hearts, but if you spoke to them of their courage they would turn away with a shame-faced grin.

Of such is the salt of the earth, or should we say the brine of the sea? Let us keep them ever in our hearts, these sailor men who risk for us their lives as if they were of no account. To many a wife and many a mother their lives are precious, and they are not less precious to their Motherland.

ig of the Island's Defenders

Then let them from their hands
The file-hard spears,
The sharply grounden
Javelins fly;
Bows were busy,
Shields the point received,
Bitter was the war-rush;
Warriors fell.

Hard blows are struck on either side, and soon the earl's weapons are stricken from his hands. He stands and thanks God as he yields up his spirit to his Maker:

Yet a word quoth
The hoary warman;
The daring youths
Bade he gang forth,
His good companions.

He to Heaven looked:
*Thank Thee, Nation's welder.
For all the good things
That I in world have bode.
Now I own, mild Maker,
That I most have need
That Thou to my ghost
Good should grant,
That my soul to Thee
Now may make its way.*

A few fled from the field heedless of the taunts of their braver comrades, and another of these old comrades, heaving his shield, thus encouraged the rest as he laid down his life:

Mind shall the harder be,
Heart shall the keener be,
Mood shall the more be,
As our strength lessens.
I am old of life;
Hence stir will I not,
And I by the side
Of my lord
By such a loved man
To lie am thinking.

The Battle of Maldon was indeed a field of true heroes who died to hold back the invaders of the Island a thousand years ago. The old men willingly gave up their lives, handing on the torch to the young who were to build up the power of the nation which once again has come to its great testing time.

NOW AND THEN

They manage on it. We shall learn to do the same, and those who practise the habit know well that sleep taken out of season is just as refreshing as sleep at the normal time. A good friend of the C.N. has always been able to give himself a little nap at any time. For some mere ten minutes suffices; others are renewed and completely fit for thought and action after a quiet hour. Broken nights are not going to break the British spirit, however uncomfortable they may be.

Is This Too Much to Hope?

Is it too soon to hope that it may be the mission of the American Republic to unite all nations of English speech, whether they grow beneath the Northern Star or Southern Cross, in a league which, by insuring justice, promoting peace, and liberating commerce, will be the forerunner of a world-wide federation that will make war the possibility of a past age and turn to works of usefulness the enormous forces now dedicated to destruction? Henry George

AS WE GROW OLD

Of am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou growest old;
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!

Whether I grow old or no,
By the effects I do not know;
This I know, without being told,
Tis time to live, if I grow old;
Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

Abraham Cowley

Let the Historian Say

AFTER the general subjugation of Europe, should there ever exist an independent historian to record the awful events that produced this universal calamity, let that historian have to say,

Great Britain fell, and with her fell all the best securities for the charities of human life, for the power and honour, the fame, the glory, and the liberties not only of herself but of the whole civilised world. Richard Brinsley Sheridan

THE SEVEN PITS

SEVEN pits lie open for the good man, but he escapes; for the evil-doer there is only one, and he falls into it. A Jewish writer

In His Good Time

I SEE my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God sends His hail,
Or blinding fire balls, or sleet, or stifling snow,
In some good time—His good time—I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

Robert Browning

FREEDOM

WITHOUT economic freedom no other freedom can endure. Benjamin Franklin



CARRY ON

THE ASSYRIAN CAME DOWN LIKE A WOLF ON THE FOLD

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves in the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord! Byron

Jesus—By Napoleon

I KNOW men; and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religions the distance of infinity.

Everything in Christ astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truth which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organisation or by the nature of things.

The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, everything is

above me; everything remains grand, of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our science.

I search in vain in history to find another example of Jesus Christ, or anything which can approach the gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, nor nature offer me anything with which I am able to compare it or to explain it. Here everything is extraordinary. The more I consider the gospel, the more I am assured that there is nothing there which is not beyond the march of events, and above the human mind.

A Prayer For Liberty

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
The lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn.
And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!"

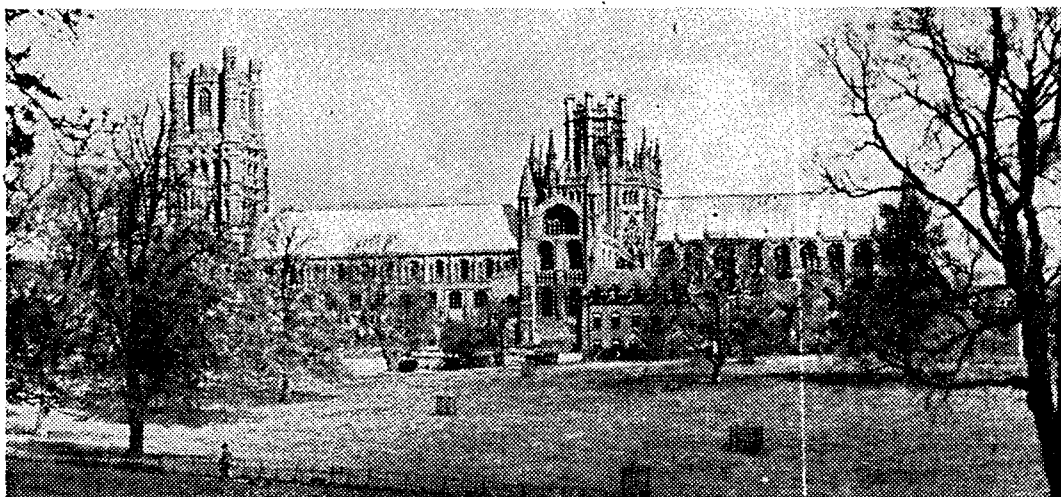
Emily Brontë

DO NO EVIL

It is more desirable to be crushed under the weight of Mount Sumeru than to do an evil thing. A Japanese writer

The Understanding

WHEN King and People understand each other past a doubt, It takes a foe and more than a foe to knock that country out. Rudyard Kipling



Ely Cathedral rises like a beacon from the low-lying Fens. The cathedral as we know it was begun late in the 11th century by the Norman abbot Simeon, and it shows the work of builders of several centuries

The Wonderful Thing Kitchener Did

PERHAPS it is worth while now to remember a fine piece of work done in another war by Lord Kitchener and his men.

Kitchener, as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, had in hand the breaking up of the power of the Mahdi, the madman with his centre at Khartoum. The problem of getting to Khartoum seemed insuperable. It was too far up the Nile, on which the cataracts rendered the supplying of any army too precarious.

An ancient caravan route which cut out the cataracts and shortened the journey by hundreds of miles led across a waterless desert, and along this route Kitchener wanted

to run a railway. He came to London to find his engineer. There he met Percy Girouard, a young French-Canadian who had made his mark on the Canadian Pacific Railway and was spending some time at Woolwich. Girouard got together his officers, lads so young that they became known as Kitchener's Boys. Once on the job Girouard passed ceaselessly up and down the projected railway, putting heart and energy into his men on their heart-breaking task, and on October 31, 1897, the line reached Abu Hamed on the Nile and Kitchener was free to act. Ten months later the Mahdi was defeated in the Battle of Omdurman.

PUSHING NORTH The Great Work of Peace Goes On

Railways in the Arctic Circle would probably never have been thought of merely for travelling purposes, the aeroplane being a far more convenient means of transport for pleasure and seeing the sights. But when mines are developing the iron road comes into its own.

Today only two railways cross the Arctic Circle, the famous line which serves Narvik and its iron mines and the railway built by the Russians to Murmansk, their ice-free port on their northern coast.

Two hundred miles to the east of this line is the older railway to Archangel, a port icebound most of the year, though it is not within the Arctic Circle. This railway is one of many short branches from the Trans-Siberian Railway, but in a few years it is likely to be overshadowed by the branch from Kirov, in the very centre of European Russia, to Kotlas, a growing town at the meeting of three rivers.

This line is being extended northward for 800 miles, and 200 are already in use. Known as the Ukhta-Pechora Railway, it will penetrate the Arctic Circle in the lower basin of the Pechora River. Some 320 miles north-east of Kotlas lie the Ukhta oilfields, and before this year is out the gangs of workers will have reached them, to continue the line into the Vorkuta River basin, which is rich in coal.

Though pipes will serve for the transport of oil, nothing but the iron road can carry coal to the more populous markets, and this is the real object of this third railway into the Arctic. It will not be the last, for there are other coalfields in the frozen north of Siberia, and the railway must surely reach them sooner or later.

THE BIRDS TAKE COVER

It is interesting to watch the conduct of birds in areas now having their first experiences of air raids. As the voice of the siren swells out they rise as one from gardens where they had been unnoticed, form flocks in the air, fly some distance, and then part company.

Some hasten straight to adjacent nests, some whose homes are more remote take shelter in thick trees, and others crowd together even in such defective sanctuaries as the Virginia creeper on houses.

The All Clear occasions further alarm, and one woodpigeon was found cooing his perplexity on the top of an electric-light standard at the junction of four busy cross-roads. It is the sight of people calmly walking the streets again that finally restores the confidence of the birds.

How the Mounties Got Their Red Coats

An officer commanding the Royal Canadian Mounted Police has been telling why the Mounties wear red coats.

Away back in the seventies the North-West Mounted Police, the original Mounties, kept law and order. The Red Indians they had to deal with had great respect for the scarlet coats of the Sixth Imperial Regiment, and considered that it was beneath the dignity of any representatives of the Great White Mother to wear anything else, and so in 1873 it was at the Red Men's suggestion that the Mounties donned red coats!

But the days of the Mounties are gone. Mechanisation has left only 150 mounts for 2600 men.

Shall We Always Be Poor Now?

WHEN a thing has happened regularly and unfailingly for a very long time we are apt to take it as a matter of course and to believe it will go on.

We can easily imagine that a Roman citizen, living in his beautiful villa in the lovely district we call Surrey in the time of Hadrian, looking back upon generations of Roman rule in these islands, and on centuries of greatness in Rome, regarded the Roman domination as part of the settled scheme of things, like the rising and setting of the sun.

So, also, we can imagine that a Venetian citizen, in the golden days when Venice was a great Power, whose ambassadors held their heads high in the great courts of the world, little dreamed of a day when Venice would become a beautiful relic beloved by tourists.

History has a thousand other examples to remind us that nations, like individuals, pass through periods of growth, prime, and decay. The world grows as a whole, but its parts suffer many changes.

There is no doubt we have grown poorer since the last war. Before then our people as a whole (there were then nearly 46,000,000 of us) had an annual income of about £45 for each man, woman, and child. Today, when our population has grown, despite the loss of 500,000 young men in the war, to nearly 50,000,000, we have less income than that if we count what we can buy with our money.

British wealth arose in quite modern times through the growth of our trade overseas, and it is the loss of much of this trade that is making us poorer. We can sum it up in a very few words. We live on the world, and must needs do so, because our homeland is not only small in area, but lacks many most important materials without an abundant supply of which we could not carry on with our great industries and wonderful commerce.

When the world is out of gear our trade suffers and we are poorer. The chief problem before us is to get our trade back. If we can do it we shall regain our wealth. If we can increase our export trade we shall become richer than before. If we fail to get our overseas trade back we shall become in course of time a poorer and a smaller nation.

The first need, if we are to regain our trade, is Peace with Security—a real peace in Europe which will again give traders confidence to enter into dealings with one another. With Hitlerism driven from the earth, and confidence restored among the nations, we may look forward to a renewal of prosperity and an end to the poverty which at present has this unstable world so utterly in its grip.

Fortunately, more and more people are coming to understand that the world prospers or fails to prosper as a whole, and that it is for the good of each country that every other country should be happy and prosperous.

The Atom Shows Its Power

FIRST fruits of the release of atomic power, which is the dream of the atom-smashers, have been noted, but the crop is very small.

A tiny portion of the uranium mineral which is to provide it was bombarded with neutral particles of atoms, and every ten seconds an atom of the uranium split apart with a click that could be heard in a suitable microphone. When this happened the parts of the split atom flew apart at enormous speeds and electrified the surrounding air. Through this electri-

fied area a small electric current then flowed. It was magnified a million times, and was then strong enough to make itself felt in a valve, which in its turn released a switch and turned on the new 50-kilowatt transmitter of the Westinghouse Radio.

It will be seen that the split atom needed much encouragement and a rare complication of apparatus to produce its results, but there beyond doubt was the demonstration that it could do so, and may some day do better.

Robot Up Aloft

WHEN the day comes that we may again speak freely about the future of the weather we may find ourselves furnished with a new kind of automatic forecaster. A network of them is already being constructed on some of the high mountains of the Western Hemisphere.

Accurate forecasting depends much on the knowledge of the conditions in the upper air, and this has hitherto been sought by sending up to the heights small balloons

carrying instruments which register wind pressure and direction, temperature, and moisture, as well as height. More recently some of these balloons have taken up with them small automatic wireless signalling sets to send messages down at intervals, and this rather haphazard method is now being superseded by robot signalling sets on mountain heights, which send down information at fixed hours of day and night.

All Berkshire in One Volume

Arthur Mee's Berkshire. Hodder and Stoughton, 75 6d.

Whether you are a native or a foreigner to this delightful county, you will find Arthur Mee's book a work of entrancing beauty—from simple to exquisite (yet not extravagant) description of the many lovely places to be found in this part of England.

Fascinating in all its aspects, it brings home to one the beautiful scenes to be found in this country, and one is tempted to ask why from the purely artistic point of view one should find it necessary to leave the British Isles to enjoy relaxation on holiday.

Mr Mee has contributed a valuable addition to the history of the county, and all Berkshire people should find great enjoyment in reading the book.

Evening Advertiser, Swindon.

A LITTLE METAL FOR A PEACH

It would not occur to most of us that peaches need a ration of zinc, but it appears from a recent experiment that they cannot do without it. A peach orchard was afflicted with the fungus disease of bubble leaf and the fruit languished. It was restored and the orchard put right by feeding it with 3000 pounds of zinc powder.

Peaches are not alone in wanting a dash of metal in their food, and zinc is not the only mineral they need. Sugar beet, celery, apple, and alfalfa thrive on a supply of boron; and minute doses of copper and manganese are indispensable to most vegetables. Like human beings, they must have their daily dose of metal or mineral, and lately it has been shown that they require a trace of molybdenum, which is also used as an alloy in the highest grade machine tools.



Canadian nurses cycling to duty Somewhere in England

A London Lad Down in Cornwall

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

A 13-YEAR-OLD London evacuee staying at Callington in Cornwall found himself with nothing much to do the other evening, so it was suggested that he should write a composition on the loveliest thing he had ever seen. This was what the lad wrote:

Before I started this, I wondered what a lovely thing had to have. For instance, a sunset is lovely, but does it last? And I cannot remember a sunset which has really stuck in my mind. Some people might say a waterfall is lovely; but what happens if there is a drought—the waterfall isn't there.

No, a lovely thing must last, and must stick to the mind.

Then suddenly I found what I wanted; here it is.

When I was a little boy of four or five I looked through a volume of Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia, and in it I found a picture of Jesus praying before a cross, with the gentle and kind look on His face that I have remembered ever since. I couldn't get the picture out of my mind. I would read on, only to turn back to this marvellous picture, and now, at night, when I am the least bit frightened or when I say my prayers, I see this lovely picture and it smiles at me as if to say, *Don't be frightened, I am watching.*

CONTROLLING A GREAT PEST

Bulrushes have been such a nuisance in the Murrumbidgee River of New South Wales that they have been sentenced to death by drowning.

For years they have been growing densely in irrigation and drainage channels, and have impeded the flow of water and caused the silting up of the channels. Thousands of pounds have been spent yearly in vain attempts to get rid of them, but the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research has now found that by cutting the plant under water at intervals, so that it cannot reach the surface, the plant will drown, its air supply being cut off.

In this way the worst infested 900 miles of the 2000 miles of supply and drainage channels have been cleared of this pest, and this important discovery means a saving of £12,000 a year on the Murrumbidgee area alone.

Precious Metals in the Sea

Gold from sea water has long been given up as an unprofitable scheme, but magnesium from the sea is now being undertaken as a commercial proposition. A company in California expects to extract 12 million pounds of magnesium a year, and magnesium, the third most abundant material in the earth's crust, is becoming next in importance to aluminium as a light alloy. There is plenty in the sea.

Every cubic mile of sea water contains 175,000 tons of chemical combinations of metals, gold, copper, silver, magnesium, as well as other elements. If 12 million gallons of sea water were distilled for the metals every day it would take 300 years to exhaust all the treasures of the cubic mile, and as there are 32 million cubic miles of sea water in the oceans there is plenty of time and opportunity for this new experiment.

THE TYRÔLESE BOY WHO TRACKED THE EAGLE AND THE CHAMOIS

GALLANT Joseph Spechbacher was the farmhouse boy who defied Napoleon's army.

He was born into a quiet farmer's home in the Tyrol, an adventurous spirit, finding delight in tracking the eagle to its eyrie and the chamois to its pasture.

When the Tyrol, after four centuries in the possession of Austria, was cynically handed over to Bavaria, Joseph felt the disgrace as a personal wound and, with Andreas Hofer, determined to resist. As we all know, Austria in the end yielded the Tyrol with as little regret as an old shoe; it was the peasants who made the sublime sacrifice for a hopeless ideal.

In all the fighting that ensued Spechbacher was a romantic and foremost figure. He was forty, a magnificently built man, with an eye as keen as a bird's, a step as light and sure as that of his old quarry, the chamois.

Pre-Wireless Wireless

For three years the cauldron simmered, and then came the revolt. France and Austria were at war; the Tyrol threw in its lot with Austria, and Spechbacher was placed in command of the peasant forces between Innsbruck and the Bavarian frontier. He had a pre-wireless wireless. His signal reached his fellows by means of sawdust borne down the torrents of melted snow water, by planks carrying tiny red flags,

and by slips of wood carried by women and children inscribed, *It is time!*

As if by magic the country sprang to arms. Within 24 hours he had captured and imprisoned a strong garrison, and, in order to have his men free for fighting, sent the captives away under a guard of women. It was he who led the forlorn hope for the capture of the bridge beyond the town, when all others hung back before the Bavarian batteries; he who engineered the astounding victories which placed the whole country in the hands of the Tyrolese.

A Towering Figure

But with the melting of the snows his irregulars bethought them of the valleys now becoming green, to which they must lead their sheep and cattle for the summer, and when Austria abandoned his country to the enemy all seemed lost.

Spechbacher was the first to take the field when the fires of patriotism sprang up afresh. He knew every height, every valley, cave, avalanche, and torrent, and was a towering figure in that terrific scene when a handful of drilled peasants trained their mountain battery of trees and rocks upon the Saxon force below and practically annihilated them.

In defeat and victory he was matchless, making superb marches through unknown ways to bring succour to hopeless

posts, and in pitched battles leading thousands of men as to the manner born. At last, as winter was advancing, he was defeated by a great army and fled wounded.

But it could not be that a handful of peasants could hold out against Napoleon, with half the resources of Europe at his disposal. With his army scattered and a price on his head, Spechbacher fled from valley to valley, from height to height, like a hunted chamois.

For weeks he lived like a creature of the wilds. His wife and children joined him by secret ways under cover of darkness, and they lived in a cavern, from where he smuggled them to safety. In his cave he lay through the winter, until one day, an avalanche descending, he was hurled down the mountain side. He dragged himself to the village of Volderberg, and was helped by a peasant to his own home at Rinn. There he hid for six weeks in his cowhouse.

The Peasant Patriot

Every day he heard Bavarian soldiers seeking him, but at last they withdrew, and he emerged from hiding and dragged himself in uneasy stages to Vienna across the Styrian Alps.

There he found his little son; and there his wife and family joined him. There he died, a peasant patriot who had sacrificed all for his Fatherland.

The Life of an Animal THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

Boy. I saw a wonderful insect in our garden the other day. It was something like a wasp, but it had a long, thin body. It was carrying a green caterpillar, as big as itself, and took it across a stone path on to the grass, where there was a tiny hole in the ground. It pushed the caterpillar until it was partly over the hole and then went down below and pulled its victim down.

Man. That was a burying wasp providing for its young. It stings the caterpillar, and the wasp grubs, in their underground nest, feed on the unconscious body.

Boy. That seems terrible. But how marvellous that a small insect can go out hunting and find its way back to its nest down a hole!

Man. Yes, if an insect were a poet, what wonderful lines it could write of life in towering forests of grass blades and herbage, and of heroic adventures in search of food and defence of home!

Boy. Tell me, do animals travel far?

Man. No, except when certain species migrate in mass to seek suitable breeding places. That is a matter of instinct, for young swallows born in England in spring fly south in the autumn; they do not learn to go.

Boy. What is meant by instinct?

Man. Instinct is not thoroughly understood, but we know what it describes. It is the unreasoning natural impulse in a species to do certain things without which the race would perish. A bird does not learn to make a nest; it sets about it by race impulse and does the job according to its kind. Apart from instinctive mass migration, animals do not travel; they just stay at home, roving over small areas in search of food.

Boy. Doesn't a fox travel when hunted?

Man. Yes, but it is lost as soon as it is hunted out of its own particular living space. It knows a small district thoroughly, but outside that area it is a stranger to the land, and feels like a foreigner.

Boy. Is that true of a robin?

Man. Yes; the robin roams over a very small bit of country, finds his food, and makes himself thoroughly at home.

Boy. So a district has a definite population of creatures that belong to it, each having set up its home there?

Man. That is so. In each district there is a balance of nature, the district supporting so many of each kind, whose lives react on each other. If the food supply is increased artificially by man's interference, as when he grows a crop, then the balance of life becomes altered. Generally speaking, it is true that animals do not travel. They are not adventurous, save in their own home places and in definite limits.

Boy. Ought we to endeavour to make artificial life changes?

Man. Many such changes are for good, as when we introduce a suitable plant from overseas. Our flower gardens, for example, are largely stocked with foreign plants, some of which thrive in our climate, while others need protection in winter. Imported food plants are many; the potato and the tomato are familiar examples.

Boy. How interesting it all is!

Man. Yes, and how much is missed by people who live in towns, and whose experience is almost entirely confined to artificial city life. Human beings, to be healthy and complete, need continuous contact with Nature.

BEDTIME CORNER Pussy Up the Tree

WHILE the Twins were having breakfast one morning a grey kitten ran across the lawn and disappeared in the orchard. "Oh, look!" cried Jill. "What a darling! I wonder where she comes from." As soon as breakfast was over they went to look for her.



There she was, licking her paws at the foot of a big apple tree. As the children drew near she took fright and, springing at the trunk, darted up into the branches. And there she stayed, paying no attention to all the coaxing of the Twins, who called and called till they tired. At last they brought a saucer of milk and put it below the tree.

"Let's hide," said Jill. "Then perhaps she'll come down."

But she didn't. And after

"Puss! puss!" he called softly, putting out a hand. And, though he expected to get a good scratching for his pains, the little thing let him catch hold of her and carry her down to the ground.

"She doesn't seem a bit scared now," Jill said. "Look how she's lapping up the milk." Presently they took her indoors to Mummy; and as they were unable to find out to whom she belonged they adopted her as a pet.

WONDERFUL FACTS ABOUT YOU

35. How the Muscles Protect Themselves

Every muscle is self-protective. A muscle worked to excess gets tired. This is due not so much to the exhaustion of its store of food as to an accumulation of the products of action, fatigue-substance which poisons its own nerve endings, making them worse conductors from nerve to muscle of the commands that descend from the brain. Not only does the fatigue-substance dull the nerve endings in the muscle which has contracted, but, being distributed by the blood of the whole body, it produces a general effect all over. Thus, if the legs are tired after a long walk, the arms also are less ready to work.

36. Strength and Frailty of the Body

The human body can endure the most agonising pain and the most terrible mutilation. Limbs may be lost and parts blown away, organs may be removed and life remain; but the laceration of the medulla oblongata at the junction of the spinal cord and brain with the point of a needle will instantly extinguish life.

37. The River of Air Through the Body

A communication to the Royal Society, resulting from many personal observations, estimated the amount of air breathed in by a hard-working labourer during 24 hours as 1,368,390 cubic inches, or a block of air as big as a room 12 feet long by 6½ feet wide and 10 feet high. The less physical exertion a man makes the less air his body breathes in, as less oxygen is needed.

IN THE COUNTRY NOW The Badger Airs Its Bed

WE shall find that the flies are now coming indoors, and our windows at this time of the year are often swarming with house-flies.

The common house-fly is one of the pests of the world, and wherever we see one we should kill it, for it is a carrier of disease.

By way of contrast, however, we may turn to another fly that is now entering our houses, the common drone-fly. This fly is sometimes mistaken for a bee, because in form and colour it is remarkably like one. It hums when it flies, just as a bee does, and has a habit of moving its body up and down as though about to use a sting. This fly is a true friend. It is one of our best scavengers, and probably saves thousands of human lives every year.

The larval, or grub, stage is passed in thick mud in which animal matter, such as dead birds and mice and insects, is decaying, and here, buried away from the air, it consumes the offensive matter which might otherwise breed disease for human beings. The grub has a wonderful apparatus to enable it to breathe while buried in the mud.

Its tail is like a telescope, and can be opened out to a length of about two inches. The grub thrusts this up through the mud like a periscope, and is thus able to breathe while remaining buried.

A good many people think that the badger, which it is interesting to watch just now, is nearly extinct, but this is certainly not the case, and the idea has arisen on account of the animal's shy, nocturnal habits, which cause it rarely to be seen. Badgers are sometimes found

as large as 3 feet long and weighing 40 pounds.

The animal has a stout body, grey in colour, with short legs, and the white head is marked by two broad black lines running over the eyes to the shoulders. It digs a long burrow, usually in the chalk, and in a round chamber at the end makes its nest of bracken, fern, and grass. If we come across the entrance to a badger's earth we may at this time of year sometimes find the nesting material left outside to dry in the sun, just as we air our bedclothes.

Among the birds we may again hear the song of the golden-crested wren, but the chaff-chaffs are now silent. House sparrows and peewits are collecting in flocks. The curlew, with its remarkably long curved beak, is a conspicuous object on the moorland just now.

Autumn is certainly here, for the acorns are falling, and the limes are putting on their yellow tints.

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BRANTUR

Innocent

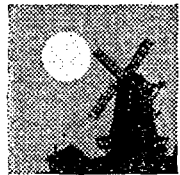
A FARMER going suddenly into his orchard found a boy standing under an apple tree with a fine rosy apple in his hand.

"You young scamp!" said the farmer. "What were you going to do with that apple?"

"Please, sir," answered the boy, "I was just going to put it back on the tree."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the late evening the planets Jupiter and Saturn are close together low in the east. In the morning Venus is in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Monday evening, September 16.



Robert Louis Stevenson's Only Limerick

THERE was an old man of the Cape
Who made himself garments of crepe;
When asked, "Do they tear?"
He replied, "Here and there;
But they're perfectly splendid for shape."

700 Years Ago

SEVEN centuries ago the genius of an extraordinary man created the greatest empire the world had known.

Genghiz Khan, the son of a petty chieftain, welded the wild Tartar tribes of Mongolia into a most formidable power. They swept over China and ravaged northern India and Afghanistan, and the grandson of Genghiz led the Golden Horde of Tartars into Russia, where they settled on the fertile banks of the Volga.

At the time of his death Genghiz ruled about half the known world, and he seems to have been as able a statesman as he was a soldier. Though a pure barbarian, this Eastern ruler devised an enlightened code of laws.

The Reason

HERE is a riddle, think and pause,
Then you will answer it at last:
Why did the gravel walk? Because
It saw the tap was running fast!

Do You Live at Canterbury?

THE spelling of this name in the Old English chronicles is Cantwaraburh, which means Kent men's burgh. In Roman times the city was called Durovernum; that is, "river with the alders," a reference to its situation on the Stour and the trees on its banks.

A Bright Idea

WHEN pussy turns her back to me
They say it's going to rain;
But though I turn her round about,
She turns her back again.

I want it to be fine today,
And so I think I'll creep
And sit the other side of her
While she is fast asleep.

Arithmetical Problem

A BANKRUPT had a penny for every shilling that he owed his creditors. Then he suddenly received a legacy of £50, and was able, with its help, to pay 3s in the pound. How much did he owe?

Answer next week

What Am I?

THE friend of man, the foe of beasts,
My days on earth I spend;
My life from man's own hand I take.

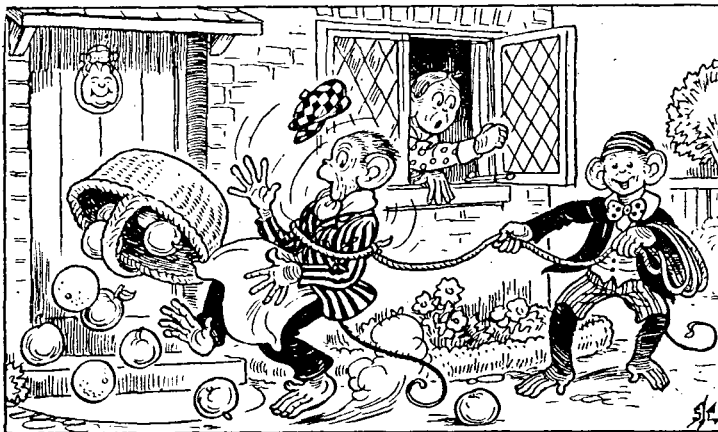
Though oft he dreads my end,
Sometimes I am much admired,
Sometimes an ugly gnome,
Sometimes I hiss, and roar, and fright
A family from their home.

Answer next week

Strange, But True

THE curious thing about a standing account is that the longer it stands the longer it runs.

Jacko Finds a New Game



JACKO, just back from the Pictures, was seeing what he could do with his mother's clothes-line for a lasso. Just then along came the green-grocer's boy with a well-filled basket. "Ha! ha!" chuckled Jacko. Out flew the line. Caught! The boy was so surprised that he dropped his basket. And out rolled the apples and oranges all over the place.

Ici on Parle Français

Nature's Warning

Wild creatures understand each other's ways of giving warning of danger.

While a lady was digging in the garden for worms and grubs, round her were a number of bantams and three big fowls. A blackbird flew out of some trees near by uttering his familiar note of alarm.

With one accord all the bantams and the fowls ran for cover, with their tails down, to the nearest gooseberry bushes, and remained concealed for several minutes. It was quite a time before they came out, assured that nothing dangerous was in the immediate neighbourhood.

Un Avertissement de la Nature

Les animaux sauvages se comprennent mutuellement quand il s'agit de donner l'alarme en cas de danger.

Tandis qu'une dame bêchait son jardin pour y trouver des vers et des larves, un certain nombre de bantams et trois grosses poules se pressaient autour d'elle. Un merle s'envola d'un groupe d'arbres du voisinage, poussant le cri d'alarme bien connu.

D'un commun accord, bantams et poules s'enfuirent, queue baissée, pour se mettre à l'abri sous les groseilliers les plus rapprochés, et y restèrent cachés plusieurs minutes. Ce n'est qu'un bon moment plus tard qu'ils sortirent, persuadés qu'il n'y avait aucun danger dans le voisinage immédiat.

Economy

"YOURS is a very expensive school, my son," said Father, with a long face and a short purse. "Yes, I suppose it is," replied the young hopeful. "But to save you money, Dad, I don't learn more than I can help."

Sir Pinkypoo



A GALLANT knight is Pinkypoo, And fully armed he's here on view. Behold his sword—an iris leaf! And, lest the knight should come to grief, He has for shield a toadstool plump, Made to resist a foeman's thump! What is his helmet? Truth to tell, It's just a fresh-picked fairy bell. Let beetles, mice, and frogs beware Of Pinky's challenge, "Come, who dare!"

How Robert Raikes Wrote His Name
ROBERT RAIKES, whose statue stands on the Thames Embankment in London, was the man who first gave England Sunday schools. A Gloucester printer, he

Robert Raikes

was born on September 14, 1735, and spent more than thirty years of his life working for education. Before he died Sunday schools had been established all over England.

A Lost Dinner

MISTRESS MOUSE
Built a house
In Grannie's old bonnet;
All the cats
Were catching rats,
And didn't light upon it.

At last they found it,
And around it
Sat watching for the sinner;
When, strange to say,
She got away,
And so they lost their dinner!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Riddle in Rhyme. Submarine

HOOD MANY The Three Servants
A ROMAN O Reckoning the
RYE O TAR the page's share as 1,
TE APE LE the footman's will
ARSENAL be 3, and the
TRIP DREW the butler's 6, a total
INN O EYE is £140 ÷ 10 = £14,
NS SIRENE and therefore the
TREE MAID the butler receives £84,
the footman £42, and the page £14.

Jumbled Aircraft. Hurricane, Spitfire, Hudson, Blenheim, Sunderland, Curtis.

WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 6d., 10d. and 1/6.

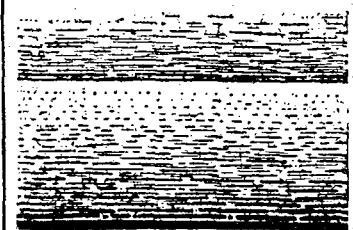
PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

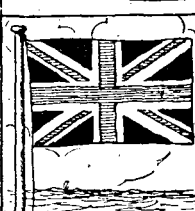
PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR

Look at This and Rest

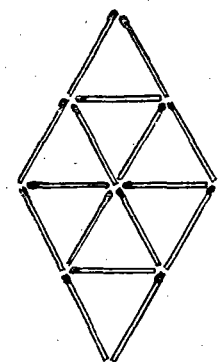
A combination of irregular horizontal lines like this, representing a calm sea, is said to have a very restful effect on the observer.



THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES A WELL KNOWN PROVERB



What are these boys' names? Answers next week



Take away 4 of the matches and leave 4 equal triangles